NEW BOOKS.

Brief Reviews of Important and Interesting New Publications.

In "Poems," by Dr. Edward A. Blount, Jr. (Elm Street Publishing Company, Cincinnati), we find it said in the beginning of the opening poem:

Thrice blessed be the power that instilled in my bosom
The love of thee, Poesy, the true and sublime.

Leaving aside the question of sublimity, is it the fact that poetry deserves the compliment of being called true? When it is considered what a variety of opinion there is as to what constitutes the fact and expression of truth, and when it is further considered how much the necessities of rhyme and metre have absorbed the attention of the poet, plainly to the distraction of him from the pursuit of truth merely, there seems to be some reason to suspect that truth, so far as poetry is concerned with it, still tarries at the bottom of a well. "All-withering time," the concluding expression of Dr. Blount's opening verse, not only rhymes perfectly with the terminating utterance of the second line, but it suggests and indicates what happens to a great deal of poetry. If poetry were inevitably truth, there is reason to suppose that all-withering time (hastily and inaccurately so-called, as every optimist must think), would be without effect upon it. As a matter of common observation, a great deal of poetry succumbs to all-withering time, which seems indeed to take an especial delight in exercising itself upon the poets. Dr. Blount's prayer is that all-withering time will spare poetry, on account of its sublimity and truth, will forbear to destroy it with its chill touch, and will permit it to grow greener and blossom and flourish for evermore; but nothing is plainer than that all-withering time is bound inexorably by its duties, and that in spite of prayers and protestations it will go on withering. In his poem, "The Love I Bring Is Earthly," Dr. Blount places himself in opposition to that form of love which aims to be consistent with absolute reason and a deliberate pulse:

Love Platonic? No, by Heaven! Plato could not love at all!
God might, but poor mortals cannot, and I would not if I could.
Burn the lambent blazes coldly 'neath the psychic breather's call?
Give it sex-love, the phlogiston. How it sparkles through the wood.

Here is a holding up of the hands of Byron, Heine, and Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Whether one approves of such fervid and unreasoning love or not, there is no doubt that there is plenty of it in the world, and it may be that it is the province of the poet to countenance and encourage nature. It may be remarked in passing that the phrase, "How it sparkles through the wood," seems to be praiseworthy, by reason of its fulfilment of the needs of rhyme rather than by reason of any appropriateness that attaches to it otherwise. Certain professional opportunities and experiences reflect themselves in Dr. Blount's poetry:

I saw a maniac's frozen form
Upon a college slab one day;
With features gaunt in wild alarm
And tortured shape and lifted arm
As warding death away.

This is not pleasant, and the reflection of the poet at the conclusion of the stanza, "How grim is death," is founded in obvious reason. This unpleasant experience affords contrasts, as the poem goes on to show:

But when I looked at Mildred Lee
Upon that dripping plank to-day,
It was so pitiful to see
Those staring eyes that looked at me
In such a mournful way;
'Twas so unfair she could not live,
The pretty girl who had to give
So much that really did exist
For what might be beyond the mist,
That weepingly I bowed to say,
"How sad is death."

It is a relief to turn even to such a poem as the one entitled "The Curse of a Lie," which is by no means an encouraging or cheerful piece of verse when considered absolutely:

It was a lie; yes, a black, black lie,
From the lips of a friend it fell,
And it stunned me so that I could not speak.
Far, rather by far, had it been the shriek
Of the veriest fiend of hell.

This lie, as stupendous and as funereal in its color as a war caption in a yellow journal, was chargeable to a fair girl who married another. Black as it was, it was susceptible to the ameliorating influence of time:

Both have forgotten that black, black lie
That shattered and palsied me so.
My friend—he is happy with children and wife,
My love has gone back to her love-begging life,
And I—oh, forever I go;
And I look with a cynic, incredulous smile,
And I say, "Oh, ye world, I am deaf to your wile;
In vain ye may tempt me with beauty unrolled,
'Tis hollowest semblance, I learned it of old,
And I know 'tis a horrible lie."

It is well for a poet to be able to call up a cynic smile in the circumstances, and it is to be hoped that the unworthy elation of the faithless girl, if she felt any, was chilled and suppressed when she caught sight of it. Presumably she was not "Edith," of whom Dr. Blount speaks with an entire absence of bitterness:

I am jealous, pleasure-missing,
For to-day it came to pass
I discovered Edith kissing
Her sweet image in the glass—
Surely this is
Waste of kisses,
Merely kissing in the glass.

As to the final allegation, it may be that Edith was practicing and taking reasonable and harmless means to make herself an expert. A poet should be careful in the construction of his poetry, to the end that he may secure the quality of truth as well as the quality of sublimity. In the poem called "Brothers," Dr. Blount compares some untutored musician, some "Blind Tom" of his acquaintance, to an artist of current eminence:

I heard Ysaye, the great musician, play;
A city's wealth and talent sat around,
And, as the teeming echoes died away,
They rose and hailed him prince of dulcet sound.
From floor to roof there yelled a vast encore;
Along six lofty tiers the plaudits ran;
And, had a flaming angel stood before,
They scarce had honored less that wondrous man.

They and Dr. Blount felt very much the same rush and intensity of impressions that have been recorded by a distinguished poet who once listened to Paderewski. Rhymes multiply at the bidding of enthusiasm:

The notes he flung in music rung,
Like angels hung with silver tongue,
Above the throng;
Now low, now high, they float and die
And shriek and sigh
And roll along.
A demon's yell, a witch's spell,
A murder fell, the pangs of hell,
The wailing accents told;
A lover's song, a passion strong,
A parting long, a maiden's wrong,
In sweeping numbers all together rolled.

That the notes should die and subsequently shriek illustrates the peculiar power and privilege of music. But Ysaye, in the language of the top gallery, is not the whole shooting match:

I heard Old Ben, the black musician, play
Beneath the branches of a mighty tree;
A motley audience, grouped around him, lay,
Or laughed or sang or shouted in their glee;
For all the laborers of the country side,
And all the maidens of the village near,
Had come to listen through the Sunday tide,
With rapt attention and anon a tear.

Anybody who thinks that high musical effects are confined to the Metropolitan Opera House is very much mistaken. Down in the cornfield, also, they know how to produce competent sounds:

He knew by rote no measured note,
Save such as float from woodland throat,
Untrammelled glee;
When but a child, and undefiled,
A spirit wild came and beguiled
His nature free.
Streamlets flowing, cattle lowing,
Horns a-blowing, melons growing—
So sang his vibrant bow;
Happy hours, sunny showers,
Fragrant flowers, bending bowers,
In streams of broad, unending rhythm flow.

The parallel hardly needs to be pointed, but there is no reason why a poet especially should be called upon to renounce his opportunity. Ysaye in the opera house and Old Ben among the watermelons—the same soul is in the fiddles of both of them:

And oft I think that on that final day,
When God shall call his music home again,
When all material things shall pass away,
And naught but harmony on earth remain;
That 'midst the keepers of his melody,
Although on earth a mighty space divide,
Like brothers there the mighty hosts shall see
Old Ben and great Ysaye stand side by side.

Belle R. Harrison is also the author of "Poems." (G. W. Dillingham Company.) These in large part and with an admirable naturalness and fluency draw moral lessons which it is always well to present to the attention of a careless and forgetful world. In the choice that is before us, as independent and discretionary beings, should we do right, or should we do wrong? This is a question which Mrs. Harrison answers plainly and with those attractions of form and manner which bestow distinction upon the poet's art:

Let us stand for the right, whatever betide,
Though friends may forsake us and foes may deride.
Let us put on the armor and fight the good fight,
Enlist in the struggle for right over might.

There can be no question as to the reasonableness in morals of this view; and it is probable that that pestiferous but amusing creature, the coquette, is treated in exactly the proper manner by Mrs. Harrison, who understands perfectly at what juncture it is better to laugh than to scold:

She laughs, the dimples come and go,
She laughs, like rippling waters' flow,
She laughs, but not at me; oh, no!

She smiles, the world is bright and fair,
She smiles, my heart is light as air,
She smiles on me—I do declare!

She loves, ah, would you like to know?
She loves, her sweet lips told me so,
She loves—she loves red-headed Joe!

She weds, Joe's heart and mine beat fast,
She weds, we really are aghast!
She weds Old Moneybags at last!

Many of Mrs. Harrison's poems are descriptive, and a number of them are in dialect. Versification seems to be with her a natural gift. What is here presented is unstrenuously and happily achieved, and makes agreeable reading.

From time to time we receive things from Dr. Paul Carus and the Open Court Publishing Company of Chicago. They are always interesting things, and as a rule they are good to look upon—sometimes printed on soft rice paper and illustrated by artistic gentlemen of Japan or India. The last arrival is a queer yellow and blue-covered volume bearing hieroglyphics that recall the plain, every-day Chinese laundry bill, and are here translated as "Lao-Tze's Tao-Teh-King." Chinese-English, with introduction, transliteration, and notes, by Dr. Paul Carus. This is an English version of the "Book on Reason and Virtue" of the old philosopher who lived in China in the ninth century B. C. and is said to have been the founder of Taoism. From the portrait that faces the title page we should judge him to have been a pleasant old person. He is seated on a brindled cow, and such of his features as are not obscured by his phenomenal growth of whiskers are lit up with a happy smile. In fact, our only possible objection to him would be based on the ground that his lavishness in the matter of titles is apt to lead his reader to some confusion. Thus we learn from Dr. Carus that his family name, Li, means Plum-tree. His proper name, Er, means ear, while his appellation was Po-Yang, which is "Count of the Positive Principle," representing manliness, the sun, and the South. Moreover, his posthumous title was Tau, which means that he had long lobes to his ears, and long lobes were a sign of virtue. The people, however, called him simply Lao-Tze, the old philosopher, though he was sometimes known as Lao-Chün, the ancient sire, master, or Prince, or Lao-Er, the old child, or "he who even as an old man remains childlike." Lastly, his followers, the Taoists, speak of him as Tai shang lao Chün, the greatly eminent, ancient master, or merely as Tai shang, the greatly eminent one.

The ideal of non-action as the basis of ethics and the Taoist virtue of tranquillity, quietude, or rest commend themselves to all thoughtful and not too energetic persons, and there is much sound wisdom to be found among these extracts from the writings of the old Celestial. There is, of course, something extremely Chinese about the ancient philosopher that leads him to express himself in an entirely Chinese way, as we see from the transliteration of the original text provided by Dr. Carus. Thus in a characteristic discourse on the virtue of dignity the philosopher says: "The heavy is of the light the root, and rest is the master of motion, therefore the holy man in his daily walk departs not from the baggage wagon. Though he have magnificent sights, he calmly sits in an unconcerned manner." Every one must admit that there is a hint of eternal truth in the following: "One who knows does not talk. One who talks does not know. Therefore the sage shuts his mouth and keeps his sense gates closed." With the exception of the imperfect version that appears in "The Sacred Books of the East," the present translation is, we imagine, the only English version now in print.

Now that all eyes are turned toward the sea, we are pleased to be able to signal the arrival of a poet who is undoubtedly on time in the volume neatly bound in blue and silver, wherein Mr. William S. Bate of Brooklyn publishes a series of what he calls his "Berth-Deck Ballads." In an introductory paraphrase the poet sings:

I do not ask that I may stand
Among the rulers of the land,
Or that from off the battlefield
I may be borne on victor-shield.

Let others make the people's laws,
And win with sword their glad applause;
But would that I might make the songs
To breathe their joys and voice their wrongs.

It is well in the days of war that there should be some who, choosing the gentler part, are content to let others get the glory. In "Ahoy, Thar, Landsman!" Mr. Bate, addressing an imaginary vandal, makes a poetic plea for the Hartford:

Ahoy, thar, landsman! Spare that ship!
Touch not a single gun!
Fur up the rattlin's uv my mind
My recollections run.

Sitting securely aloft in the maintop of his mind we trust that the poet will keep a sane eye on the horizon and let us hear from him from time to time.

In "The General Manager's Story" (Macmillans), Mr. Herbert Elliot Hamblen, author of that sterling book "On Many Seas," gives some old-time reminiscences of railroading in the United States. "How little," says Mr. Hamblen in his introduction, "does the average passenger realize when he steps on the sumptuously furnished car and quietly reads the newspaper until the brakeman calls out his station, and he steps off to go to his family or his business, that his train has been under the keen supervision of an army of trained officials and employees during every minute of its progress; that its arrival at and departure from each station has been ticked over the wire to the train despatcher; that all meeting points with other trains have been carefully provided for; that rules and orders have been issued providing for every possible contingency; that, in fact, as an old railroad man said to me once, 'if everybody obeyed orders, collisions would be possible only when brought about by unavoidable accidents.' These men are carefully chosen, and only long and faithful service, a strictly first-class moral character, and undoubted ability to perform the duties of the position will insure their promotion to the higher offices or their retention in them. Promotion on a railroad is slow and for merit only. At the head of this band of experts, over the superintendents, stands the general manager, a walking epitome of railroad knowledge. Tried by many years of service in minor positions and proved trustworthy in all, he is the one chosen from many as the best fitted for this responsible position." It is the life story of such a man as this, told as nearly as possible in his own words, that Mr. Hamblen here sets forth. There is no lack of thrilling adventure and the volume is well illustrated.

Volume I. of Mr. John Murray's new revised and enlarged and illustrated edition of Byron, edited by Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge and imported by Messrs. Scribners, contains "Hours of Idleness" and other early poems, English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, the Curse of Minerva, The Waltz and other of the Juvenilia, printed in chronological order. The text of the present issue is based on that of the Murray Edition of 1831, which followed the text of successive issues that appeared in the author's lifetime and were subject either to his own revision or that of Gifford and other accredited readers. In the present volume appear eleven juvenile poems, taken from the Newstead MSS. and hitherto unpublished. It is doubtful whether they were worth giving to the world, even though, as the editor puts it, "they reflect with singular clearness and sincerity the temper and aspirations of the tumultuous and moody stripling to whom 'the numbers came,' but who wisely abstained from printing them himself." Many of Byron's own notes are now also published for the first time, and the volume, in print and general make-up, leaves nothing to be desired.

The issue of the index volume by the Jewish Publication Society of America completes the American edition of the "History of the Jews," translated from the German of Prof. H. Graetz. This sixth and final volume consists of a memoir of Heinrich Graetz by Dr. Philipp Bloch, rabbi of Posen and a friend and disciple of the historian; chronological and genealogical tables of Jewish history; an elaborate index to the whole work, and four maps.

The Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., issues Volume VI. of series 1 of the "Official Records of the Union and Confederate Navies in the War of the Rebellion." These records are published under the direction of the Hon. John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy, by Prof. Edward K. Rawson, United States Navy, Superintendent Naval War Records, and Mr. Robert H. Woods. The present volume deals with the operations of the Atlantic blockading squadron from July 16 to Oct. 29, 1861, and the North Atlantic blockading squadron from Oct. 29, 1861, to March 8, 1862.

We have also received:

"Congressional Committees. A Study of the Origin and Development of Our National and Local Legislative Methods." Lauros G. McConachie, Ph. D. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.)

"Outlines of the Earth's History. A Popular Study in Physiography." Nathaniel Southgate Shaler. Illustrated. (Appletons.)

"A Trooper of the Empress." Clinton Ross. (Appletons.)

"A Man-at-Arms. A Romance of the Days of Galeazzo Visconti, the Great Viper." Clinton Scollard. (Samson, Wolffe & Co.)

"The Panacea for Poverty." Madison C. Peters, D. D. (Bloomingdale Church Press.)

"Douze Contes Nouveaux." Edited for school use. C. Fontaine, B. L., L. D. (American Book Company.)

"Benjamin Franklin, Printer, Statesman, Philosopher and Practical Citizen." Edward Robins. (Putnams.)

"The King's Henchman." A chronicle of the sixteenth century. Brought to light and edited by William Henry Johnson. (Little, Brown & Co.)

"Little Masterpieces." Edited by Bliss Perry. A number of Abraham Lincoln's speeches, addresses and letters. (Doubleday & McClure Company.)

AUDUBON BOOKS CHEAP.

Eleven Volumes, Including the 1861 "Birds of America," Brought $1,100.

Eleven volumes of Audubon's works, dear to the heart of the bibliophile and the collector of Americana, were sold at auction in Silo's Liberty street auction rooms yesterday at what was probably the lowest price paid in recent years for the works of the great naturalist, author and artist. Eight of the books are the volumes of letter press to the "Birds of America" and the "Quadrupeds of America;" two are specimens of the original "Quadrupeds of America" and the other is the 1861 reissue of the "Birds of America," one of the largest and choicest books ever published. The sale was for the estate of the late Aaron Raymond, who was a well-known connoisseur and collector. The price at which the set was sold was $1,100, as against $3,800 for the last previous sale of a similar lot. W. E. Hall of Mount Vernon, a collector of Americana, is the purchaser.

The "Birds of America" is in full calf, with gilt edging. It is about 3½ feet long and is made up of colored plates, most of them life size, of various American birds, the original paintings having been by Audubon. The history of the making of this book is a remarkable one, covering as it does a period of nine years, merely for the publication. The prospectus was issued in 1827, the first volume in 1830, and the last in 1839. Audubon himself canvassed for subscribers both here and in Europe, and the difficulties of his task may be judged when it is stated that the price of the complete edition was $1,000, and that in an age when millionaires were scarce. The entire cost of the work was more than $100,000. It was published in London, largely through the aid of Sir Thomas Lawrence, the artist, who put Audubon in the way of selling some pictures, from the proceeds of which he paid his engravers' bills.

After the publication of this book the naturalist set about the letter press, and then began work on the "Quadrupeds of America," in which work he was aided by his two sons. Many of the engravings in these volumes are the work of his sons. A letter press to this was also issued. In 1861 there was a reissue of the "Birds of America," and Audubon's son, John Woodhouse, died while engaged on a third edition in 1862. Audubon had then been dead eleven years.

The bidding on the Audubon books began at $300, went to $500, then to $600, then by gradations of $50 up to $800, when the bidders began to raise $25 at a time up to $950. From that point the jump was to $1,000, then $1,050, and finally $1,100. The large volume is in fine condition, except that the back is torn at the binding line, about a quarter of the way down.

Many battleaxes and other weapons were disposed of in the same sale, and considerable amusement was aroused by the purchase of a number by a gentleman who gave his name as Weyler.

BROKERS MUST FOOT THE BILL.

Trust Securities Speculated With Must Simply Be Returned or Paid For.

The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, affirming in the main the lower court, has decided that the brokerage firm of McIntyre & Wardwell must return to Theodore G. English, as trustee under the will of the late Chancellor Benjamin Williamson of New Jersey, $50,000 worth of securities and their accruments since 1894, with which Isaac Williamson, former trustee, speculated in Wall street. By the will of the Chancellor, who died in 1892, it was directed that his son Isaac Williamson, receive a third of the residue of his estate in trust to expend at his discretion for the maintenance of Isaac's two children. The executors turned over $50,000 in securities to Isaac Williamson, who, instead of using it for his children, put up the securities with the brokers and proceeded to speculate until they were lost and he was insolvent. The father was removed as trustee, and English was appointed in his place. The brokers are held to be liable for the return of the securities or their equivalent, because they knew that Isaac Williamson was operating with trust securities.

The brokers contended that in an accounting if the trust was credited with the earnings of some investments, the losses on others should be deducted. The court holds that there were no transactions in the speculation for which the accounting can be had; that the brokers must give back the securities, or, if they have sold them, they must pay over their value at the time they received the securities and the earnings of the securities since that time. The brokers did not attempt to show that they did not know that the securities were impressed with a trust.

SMASH-UP NEAR WESTFIELD.

One Freight Train Wrecks Another and a Mail Train Escapes Narrowly.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., May 13.—A freight wreck occurred near Westfield on the New Jersey Central Railroad about 8 o'clock this morning, and the mail train from New York, due at Westfield at 8:10, had a very narrow escape from a serious collision. The local freight was standing on the west-bound track when another freight train, which had been drilling near the Westfield station, backed up at fast speed and the rear of the train was pushed against the engine of the local freight. The engineer of the local did not have time to reverse his engine and get out of the way of the rapidly approaching train, and four freight cars, loaded with beer, were entirely demolished. The débris was scattered over the four tracks and traffic was blocked for two hours. It was some time later when all four tracks were opened.

A few minutes after the wreck occurred the mail train came at full speed. The engineer saw the wreck ahead of him and reversed his engine. The train was brought to a standstill twenty feet from the wreck. It happened that no one was on the wrecked cars and no one was injured. Westbound trains had to use the eastbound track till noon.

DIED.

BRINCK.—On May 13, Rebecca A., wife of John C. Brinck, in her 77th year.

Services at her late residence, 348 West 29th st., on Sunday, at 4 P. M. Interment convenience of family.

COLLIER.—On Friday, May 13, at 5 A. M., James Walter Collier, in his 63d year.

Funeral Monday, May 16, from 361 West 117th st., thence to the Church of the Paulist Fathers, 60th st. and Columbus av., where a requiem mass will be celebrated at 10 A. M.

JONES.—Entered into rest Wednesday morning, May 11, 1898, at his home, 135th st. and Boulevard, William G., the beloved husband of Delia, and father of Mary, George, Katie, Emma and William Jones, in his 47th year.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from the Church of Annunciation, 131st st. and Broadway, on Saturday morning, May 14, at 10 o'clock. Members of the C. M. B. A. are requested to be present.

PATTERSON.—On May 12, Mary A., widow of George T. Patterson, aged 74 years.

Funeral services will be held at her late residence, 60 Monroe st., Brooklyn, on Saturday, 14th inst., at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

ROGERS.—Mary Agnes, widow of John W. Rogers and daughter of the late Jameson Cox, Jr.

SHEPARD.—On Thursday, May 12, at Hudson, N. Y., Robert Blanchard Shepard, in the 88th year of his age.

Funeral services will be held at his late residence in Hudson, on Monday, May 16, at 10 A. M.

WHITEWRIGHT.—On Friday, May 13, at his residence, 16 West 22d st., William Whitewright, in the 84th year of his age.

Funeral services at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, 5th av. and 55th st., on Monday, May 16, at 4:30 P. M.

Religious Notices.

AT METROPOLITAN TEMPLE, 7th av. and 14th st.—Rev. Sanford C. Hearn will preach morning; Rev. S. P. Cadman evening. Meetings every night. Lecture Tuesday night by Mr. Cadman. Concert to-night and every Saturday night, free.

AT REFORMED CATHOLIC SERVICES in Christ's Mission, 142 West 21st st.—Evening, 7:45, Father O'Connor preaches; subject, "The Roman Hierarchy's Duplicity Regarding the War."

AT REFORMED CATHOLIC SERVICES in Christ's Mission, 142 West 21st st.—Evening, 7:45, Father Augustine of the Hoboken Monastery declares war on the monks.

BROOKLYN PHILOSOPHICAL ASSOCIATION, Long Island Business College, South 8th st., bet. Bedford and Driggs avs., every Sunday at 3 P. M. Sunday, May 15, Mr. Henry Nichols will lecture. Subject: "The Duties of Citizenship." All interested are invited. Platform free.

GRACE CHURCH. Broadway, corner 10th st.
8 A. M.—Holy Communion.
9 A. M.—Morning prayer and address.
8 P. M.—Later evensong and sermon.
All seats free.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—THOS. DIXON preaches at 11—"War Lessons;" 3:30—"Socialism."

MADISON AV. BAPTIST CHURCH, corner 31st st., Rev. Henry M. Sanders, D. D., pastor.—Services to-morrow at 11 A. M. and 4:30 P. M. The pastor will preach at both services. Sunday school, 9:30 A. M. Chapel service Wednesday, 8 P. M.

SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE.—Sunday, May 15, 1898, at 11:15 A. M., lecture by Mr. M. M. Mangasarian at Carnegie Music Hall, corner 57th st. and 7th av., subject: "The Duties of Non-Combatants in the Present War." All interested are invited.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

MINIATURE ALMANAC—THIS DAY.

Sun rises.... 4 46 | Sun sets.. 7 10 | Moon rises. 1 59

HIGH WATER—THIS DAY.

Sandy Hook. 2 27 | Gov.Isl'd. 2 59 | Hell Gate.. 4 52

Arrived—FRIDAY, May 13.

Ss Massapequa, Cook, Cardiff.
Ss Blue Star, Blacklin, Rio Janeiro.
Ss Chalmette, Blasland, New Orleans.
Ss Princess Anne, Hulphers, Norfolk.
Ss Orange, Castberg, Boston.
Ss City of New Bedford, Webber, Fall River.
Ss Manhattan, Bennett, Portland.
Schr Gladys, Colson, Port Spain.

[For later arrivals see First Page.]

ARRIVED OUT.

Ss Lucania, from New York for Liverpool, at Queenstown.
Ss Georgian, from New York, at London.
Ss Mobile, from New York, at London.
Ss Croft, from New York, at Dundee.
Ss Corean, from New York, at Glasgow.
Ss Caxo, from Palermo for New York, at St. Michaels.
Ss Excelsior, from New York, at Rotterdam.
Ss Island, from New York, at Stettin.
Ss St. Ninian, from New York, at Yokohama.

PASSED.

Ss Berlin, from New York for Southampton, passed Scilly.
Ss Lassell, from New York for Manchester, passed Brow Head.
Ss Neustria, from New York for Marseilles, passed Tarifa.
Ss Bovic, from New York for Liverpool, passed Brow Head.
Ss Nasmyth, from New York for Manchester, passed Brow Head.
Ss Amsterdam, from Rotterdam for New York, passed Prawle Point.
Ss August Korff, from Hamburg for New York, passed Prawle Point.
Ss British King, from New York for Antwerp, passed Prawle Point.
Ss Russia, from New York for Hamburg, passed Prawle Point.

SAILED FROM FOREIGN PORTS.

Ss Orinoco, from Bermuda for New York.
Ss Robert Adamson, from Sunderland for New York.
Ss Stalheim, from Algiers for New York.
Ship Celeste Burrill, from Manila for New York.
Ship Dalcarlie, from Manila for United States.
Ship Jane Burrill, from Manila for New York.
Brig G. B. Lockhart, from Curacao for New York.

OUTGOING STEAMSHIPS.

	Mails Close.	Vessel Sails.
Sail To-Day.		
La Touraine, Havre	6 30 A M	10 00 A M
Etruria, Liverpool	6 30 A M	10 00 A M
Rotterdam, Rotterdam	8 00 A M	10 00 A M
Ems, Naples	8 00 A M	10 00 A M
Furnessia, Glasgow	10 00 A M	12 00 M
Norge, Christiansand	11 00 A M	1 00 P M
Manitoba, London	....	9 00 A M
Pennsylvania, Hamburg	....	12 00 M
Boadicea, London	....	....
Colorado, Hull	....	....
Ardanmohr, Nassau	10 30 A M	1 00 P M
Hubert, Barbadoes	2 00 P M	4 00 P M
Excelsior, New Orleans	....	3 00 P M
Louisiana, New Orleans	....	3 00 P M
Sail Tuesday, May 17.		
Lahn, Bremen	9 00 A M	12 00 M
Delaware, Charleston	....	3 00 P M
Sail Wednesday, May 18.		
Majestic, Liverpool	9 00 A M	12 00 M
Friesland, Southampton	9 00 A M	12 00 M
Chalmette, New Orleans	....	3 00 P M

INCOMING STEAMSHIPS.

Due To-Day.		
Pontiac	Gibraltar	April 26
Vera	Manchester	April 27
Lovstakken	Rotterdam	April 26
Sorrento	Hamburg	April 27
Castle Eden	Bordeaux	April 27
Maori	St. Lucia	May 4
Campania	Liverpool	May 7
Lord Warwick	Gibraltar	April 29
Cluden	Amsterdam	April 29
Auguste Victoria	Hamburg	May 5
Jersey City	Swansea	April 30
St. Leonards	Antwerp	April 30
Tallahassee	Savannah	May 11
Alliance	Colon	May 7
Due Sunday, May 15.		
La Gascogne	Havre	May 7
Martello	Hull	May 1
Due Monday, May 16.		
Europe	London	May 4
Alexandra	London	May 5
Minnewaska	London	May 5
Obdam	Rotterdam	May 5
Cevic	Liverpool	May 6
Patria	Gibraltar	May 2
Karamania	Gibraltar	May 2
Spartan Prince	Gibraltar	May 2
Sallust	St. Lucia	May 9
El Paso	New Orleans	May 11
Due Tuesday, May 17.		
Southwark	Gibraltar	May 7
Inchmona	Gibraltar	May 2
Due Wednesday, May 18.		
Aller	Gibraltar	May 9
Hekla	Christiansand	May 6
Aral	Shields	May 4
Laughton	La Guayra	May 12
Cearense	Para	May 8
Due Thursday, May 19.		
Germanic	Liverpool	May 11
Dona Maria	Oporto	May 4
Mohican	Hull	May 6
Chicago City	Swansea	May 6
Emma	Gibraltar	May 6